



VOL. XXVII.

AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 25, 1859.

NO. 36.



Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.

SUCKERS IN INDIAN CORN.

One of the great questions of the day, among New Englanders, and one full as important as some questions that nations have sometimes fought about, is this:—Should the suckers in the cornfield be taken away? Every one has some theory about it, and we have one too, and our theory says, Let them be.

If you go into your cornfield now, you will see that some stalks have put out one ear, others two, and others three. You will see that, where there is more than one ear put out, the uppermost ear silks out first, then the second, and then the lowest. You will also see that, where they have been silked out a short time, the outside tior of silks, or threads, have become brown and are drying off, and that fresh central ones are coming out. You will probably have noticed, or might have noticed, that the top, or spindle of the stalk has blossomed some little time previously, and may now be going out of blossom, but the suckers and younger stalks are, some of them, already spindled and beginning to show blossom, and others are just putting out spindles which will blossom by and by. Well, what has all that to do with pulling or not pulling off suckers?

Let us look a little further by way of answer. It has pleased the Author of nature to make it necessary for the germ of every plant to receive the pollen or dust of the anthers of the flowers before it can come to maturity. If it does not become impregnated with it, the germ dies, and you have no fruit. The germ of Indian corn is the rudiment of the kernel on the cob, and shut up in the husk. The flowers of Indian corn, or pollen-dust producing part of the flower, is on the spindle. The silk of Indian corn is the part or organ of the germ to receive the pollen, or dust, from the flower of the spindle placed above it, as it falls down when shaken by the wind, &c. Each kernel on the cob, has a thread of this silk, and the lowest, or bottom, kernels, send out their threads first, and they follow upward in succession until the very uppermost kernel, which throws out the last thread, and before this last thread has appeared the first threads have received their impregnation of pollen, and, having performed their office, become brown by decay. It also sometimes happens that, before the last threads of the spindle of the stalk on which they grow have ripened and ceased throwing out any more pollen. But, if these last named threads do not receive any, they will not fill out and form good kernels.

To obviate this necessity and to keep up a balance of action, the spindles of the suckers now come into play and keep up a succession, or supply of pollen for the use of the succeeding kernels on the succeeding ears. If you have removed these suckers you have taken away the chances for these late comers to be impregnated, and they are failures. The reasons why we have "snouts" or unfilled portions of the cob or ear of corn, are two, viz: First, these kernels did not receive any pollen, and second, sometimes even if they did, the soil did not contain enough of the right material to nourish them up to full size. Hence the necessity of what we call suckers, and the necessity, also, of a soil full of the right material to get a full and perfect crop of Indian corn.

It is sometimes the case that suckers have a "nubbin" or imperfect ear of corn on their tops. With this exception we doubt if the stalk of the suckers or even the true stalk above the ear of corn, uses up much of the peculiar food necessary to fill out the kernels on the cob. We are not sure about this, but if you will observe you will see that the stalk above the smooth or leafless joint next the ear begins to ripen soon after the pollen of the spindle has done forming. First the spindle dries, and this ripening descends slowly downward to that joint, while the leaves below and the husk hold on their greenness and vigor until the ear is ripened. The experiments hitherto made in cutting stalks in part of a field, and leaving them on in a part with a view of ascertaining what difference it made in the amount of corn in the fall, have never proved that there was much of any difference in the yield. Hence we infer that the upper stalks and the suckers did not live on exactly the same food that the kernel required.

These are our views in regard to the matter, and we give them for what they are worth. It is a good time now for farmers to study their corn fields.

A PLANT FOR VASES AND HANGING POTS.

A handsome trailing and hardy plant for vases &c., has long been quite a desideratum among the lovers of flowers.

A writer under the signature of G. B. H., in the last *Country Gentleman*, recommends what some call "loosestrife" or "money wort" (*Lysimachia nummularia*), as one of the best for this purpose.

Some of the genus of plants are natives of the woods and fields of Maine, but we believe this is not. G. B. H. describes it as a low trailing plant, hangs gracefully from the edge of the vase, has a foliage of a fine color, and is perfectly hardy, enduring the cold of the severest winter. The flowers are of no great beauty, being small and yellow. This plant is also suitable for rock work and hanging vases. "The writer also recommends to remove the plants from the vases in the winter, into the borders and to house the vases, or they might be suffered to remain and all housed together." For small hanging vases in the parlor or veranda they might remain.

To CLEAN KNIVES. The most simple and best way, is to rub the brick dust on them with half of a raw potato. There appears to be some virtue in the juice of the potato which aids in cleaning the steel. A friend of humanity and a lover of bright knives, asks us to give this valuable recipe a place.

QUERIES.

Mr. Editor:—By giving through your valuable paper information on the subjects stated below, you will confer a favor:

Is the fall as good a time to transplant apple-trees, currant, gooseberry and thimble berry bushes as the spring? If so, when is the best time to take them up and transplant? The piece of ground I intend to set to trees, &c., is warm and dry, sloping to the south-east. Snow makes on it early in the winter, and remains late in the spring.

What is the best manner of preparing salafy, or vegetable oyster, for stewing or frying?

Respectfully yours, A. SUBSCRIBER.

South Newbury, Aug. 13th, 1859.

NOTE. The fall is a very good time to transplant fruit trees and shrubs, although on one account we prefer to transplant apple trees in the spring. If set out then there is no danger of their being thrown by frost, as they may be if set out in the fall. If they are carefully mulched with litter and the ground is so prepared that the water shall not stand around or upon the roots in winter or spring they will do well if transplanted properly in the fall. They may be taken up as soon as the frost kills the leaf.

In regard to cooking salafy, Buist recommends the following process:

Previous to boiling the roots, let them be slightly scraped, and then laid in water for about an hour; then boil them till quite tender. Let them be taken out and laid to drain for a short time, during which a thick batter should be made with the white of eggs beaten up with a little flour. Grate the roots down tolerably fine; press them into small flattened balls; dip these in the batter, and roll them into grated crackers or crumbs of bread; then fry them in a pan till they are of a deep brown color, when they are ready for the table, and will form a very agreeable and even delicious dish.

Schenck in his Gardener's text book gives the following:

After the root has been scraped, and laid in water for several minutes, in order to abstract a part of its bitter flavor, it is to be boiled tender, and either cut in thin slices, or grated and pressed into little cakes, of the size of oysters. Dip the slices, or cakes, into a batter made of wheat flour, milk, and eggs; roll them in crumbled bread or crackers; and then drop them into hot lard. When of a light brown color, they are sufficiently cooked, and ready to be carried to the table.

ANOTHER SICK COW.

Mr. Editor:—I have a cow that was taken sick about four weeks ago; she was taken scouring with loss of appetite. I gave her a dose of saltpetre and afterwards some tar, and she appeared better. Since then, swollen bunches have appeared on her at times; the last one is on the back part of the udder. I opened it on Friday, and it discharged about two quarts of water. It has filled again. There are no signs of garget in her milk. Some of my stock have eaten cherry tree leaves. Will you, or some of your correspondents, tell me what ails her, and how to cure her. N. SUTIN.

North Wayne, July 25, 1859.

NOTE. The above has been accidentally mislaid, which is the cause of not receiving earlier attention.

It is evident that the trouble with friend Smith's cow is some derangement in her digestive organs, and not in the milk organs. This was probably brought about by eating some improper food, but whether cherry tree leaves would produce such trouble we are not able to say. We have known calves to die from the effects of the poison (prussic acid) which is contained in them. We should treat such cases on general principles. First give gentle cathartics to cleanse the bowels from all offending matter, and then change the diet as much as possible in order that a change of action might follow. Perhaps a rowel in the breast would be serviceable. Ed.

WOOD PECKERS AND APPLE TREES.

A friend writes as follows:

Mr. Editor:—The woodpeckers are damaging my apple trees very much. Last year they nearly spoiled my orchard, and this year they have begun again. If you or any of your readers can inform me of any means to prevent them from spoiling my trees, I shall be greatly obliged.

A. SUBSCRIBER.

NOTE. We have great doubts about woodpeckers or any other birds damaging or spoiling an orchard. Woodpeckers and "waspsuckers" will bore into the bark of trees in search of insects, and the insects, if let alone, would do ten fold more damage than the woodpecker. Our brother Pike, of the *Age*, has heretofore made great researches in regard to "woodpeckers." What say you, brother Pike? Ed.

VALUE OF COPPERS WATER FOR FRUITS.

Too much iron in a soil is not good, but a little is very good. We have noticed that apple and pear trees which grow on ledges made up of what some call copper rocks (pyrites or sulphuret of iron) as a general thing always grow thrifty, and bear abundantly, and the fruit fair and of good size. We therefore have a good deal of confidence in the recommendation of the use of copper water which is a solution of sulphate of iron, and which we find in *Hovey's Magazine* as follows:

FRUITS INCREASED IN SIZE BY THE USE OF COPPERS. M. Dubreuil, a celebrated European horticulturist, says that it has been proven, "that melons and various species of fruit trees, the green parts of which had been watered on several occasions with a weak solution of sulphate of iron, yielded much larger fruits than those not so treated." He adds: "One of my pupils repeated the same experiments in 1854 and 1855 on pear trees. He gave the first watering as soon as the fruits were fairly set, in the end of June. He repeated the moistening every fortnight, in the evening, in order to prevent evaporation, and that absorption might be completely effected during the night. The solution was at the rate of twenty-six grains to a quart for the first three, and thirty-five per quart for the two last water-

ings. He sent us, in the end of February, from a tree thus treated, an Easter Beurre, so large that it could scarcely be recognized. He obtained like results the following season. But we doubt whether the results would not be still more successful, if the fruits alone were moistened with the solution; for then they only would experience the stimulation of their absorptive powers, and would thus draw to themselves a much greater quantity of sap, inasmuch as the absorption by the leaves would be much less intense. Experiments should therefore be made with regard to this point."

THE PANSY.

To prevent the pansy from dwindling, frequently divide the roots and give fresh soil; but more dividing does not produce the best plants. Take a slip with or without roots, not one of the pithy shoots, for these do not root so readily, but one of those pieces that have not yet flowered. Insert this two-thirds its length in the soil, keep shaded for a week if no roots; it will soon make a thrifty plant. When well rooted and in full vigor, if in moderately rich soil, this young plant will produce the largest flower it is capable of producing; they will continue large so long as the plant is young and thrifty, after which, and particularly during the hot months, it will gradually "run out" again. Treat it from cuttings as you have the history of fine pansies so far as the plant you have to deal with is capable of producing; that is, if you have first class pansies you can keep them so by continual propagation from cuttings. The pansy wants a sandy or gravelly soil, made rich by thoroughly decomposed manure.

For the Maine Farmer.

CUTTER STRAWBERRY.

Mr. Editor:—This is a variety of strawberry that has not been generally introduced, and but little has been said about it in the public prints. I think it worthy of general introduction from the fact that it has uniformly borne far more fruit than any other of the popular sorts, with the same treatment. It is of excellent quality, possessing the native flavor true to nature, for it was first taken from the wild pasture, a native seedling of New Hampshire. It is a strong grower, hardy, and endures the winter without covering. Berries of even size, very large, many of them four inches in circumference; color, light red; form, obtuse cone with a neck, easy to hull.

I gathered fruit from the bed thirty-five days in succession, five to eight days longer than any other variety. I cultivate, on the same kind of soil and with precisely the same treatment, the Hovey Seedling, Boston Pine, Jenny Lind and Early Virginia; the two last were small; the two former produced some very large berries, but on the whole very uneven in size. None of these produced so much fruit by at least one-half as the Cutter.

I had partly covered with strawberries about one-fifth of an acre, on which were, an orchard of apple trees, some of them four inches in diameter; 150 grape vines, some of them in bearing; 130 currant bushes, in bearing; 50 hills of imported rhubarb; walks, &c. About one-third of the ground was occupied by the Cutter strawberry. The plantation produced 500 boxes. Had the whole been of the Cutter variety, 600 boxes would have been low enough to estimate the crop at, considering the relative bearing qualities.

My soil is sandy loam and gravel. I prefer leached ashes as a fertilizer, well mixed in a deep mellow soil; it will pay to make it two feet deep. August and September, according to my experience, is a proper time to set out a plantation; much fruit may be obtained the following year.

I have the Wilson's Albany, Longworth's Prof. liff, McAvoy's Superior, Scott's Seedling, Pomboly's, Brighton Pine, all of which are growing well, but have not fruited much, having been planted in the Spring. J. W. MANNING.

Reading, Mass., 1859.

For the Maine Farmer.

AROSTOOK.

Mr. Editor:—Believing that any information concerning Aroostook would be gladly received by your numerous readers, I have prepared the following article for the columns of the *Farmer*. Although I am a "pioneer," having arrived here in May, yet I have seen enough to convince me that this county is the best agricultural county of the State if not of New England. Our seasons are rather short, but that disadvantage is more than balanced by the rapid growth of the crops. The June frosts do not serious damage in our vicinity, and at this season of the year I never saw crops look so forward or so flourishing in any other part of the State. Within view of the windows where I write, there waves a field of rye that will average more than six feet and a half in height. As you are aware, the emigration to this county the present year has been very great. The emigrants that I have seen, are intelligent and industrious. A great portion of them are mechanics, though the majority consist of farmers. A few lawyers find their way here, and still fewer physicians. For the latter class I should consider Aroostook a decidedly poor place; having a very healthy climate, and the people being compelled to return, in a measure, to the habits and customs of the colonial times, sickness is hardly allowed to exist here at all.

"It is an ill wind that blows no good good," and probably the hard times of the last year or two have contributed as much towards settling Aroostook as any other cause. In coming here we have to deny ourselves many privileges which we should enjoy elsewhere; but in bringing into subjection a beautiful though wilderness land, in making homes for ourselves and our children, we shall be acting the true patriot better, our more good, than in any other way. Our "pioneers" are an enterprising people; part have broken away from the allurements of city life; all have enjoyed the privileges of schools and meetings, and will not be content to live long without them.

I cannot close this letter without referring to the natural scenery of Aroostook county, which, to me, at this season of the year, is very beautiful. Perhaps so much grand, majestic, waving forest makes the view from some hill-top somewhat monotonous, but the monotony is relieved by frequent openings where pioneers have laid low the giants of the woods with the axe; and, in the distance, is seen the beautiful, gently-flowing Aroostook, with scarcely a ripple on its placid bosom, quietly moving along to contribute its waters to the great river of the Province, the St. John. And just as certain as the Aroostook river flows into New Brunswick so will the wealth of Aroostook county flow into that province without a railroad to connect us with our own State; not a railroad that shall merely touch the southern boundary, but one that shall extend at least 250 miles north as the Aroostook river.

FRANK. Limestone, Aroostook Co., Aug. 1, 1859.

For the Maine Farmer.

GOOD TAVERNS.

The Mansion House, at North Dixmont, under the care of Mr. G. F. Saborn, is just what the weary traveler delights to see, at the close of a long summer day of journeying. Instead of an old, dirty, dingy room, lighted with an old oil lamp, two more of which would make total darkness, in which are assembled all the village loafers to spend the evening smoking, and talking of ring boned and spavined horses, Mr. Saborn's room for travelers is a carpeted sitting room, well lighted, and furnished with a center table, on which are books and newspapers, and all the essentials to make a traveler's home pleasant and happy. The moment a stranger enters the door, he knows by the very air and appearance of everything, there is no rum, or loafers, or swearing, or any of the common annoyances of a country tavern in that house. There is no "bar room" in the house, a place which country taverns need just as much, and no more than they need a hog-pen adjoining the dining-room. Gentlemen or ladies there at the table, hours of meals, sit down with the landlord and his wife, and take their food, instead of being seated alone in some lonesome dining hall to dream of the pleasures of solitude.

The village of North Dixmont is upon the best and most frequently traveled route for private carriages from Augusta to Bangor. Persons traveling on that road cannot do better than to reach Mr. Saborn's Hotel at night. They will be sure to find a quiet home, good beds, pleasant food, and hospitable and reasonable charges. By the way, there is another such a house at which I stopped for a moment. I do not know the name of the landlord but the sign was "North Newburg House." On opening the door, the first room that met my view was a carpeted parlor, well furnished. On the table was a pitcher of water, books, papers, &c., everything to make a quiet man desire to stop longer. I do not notice these houses particularly for the sake of advertising them, although those who thus accommodate the public ought to be encouraged, but mainly in order to let the public know where are houses worthy of patronage, and where they can have a valuable return for the money expended for entertainment. And whilst I am about it, I will name a couple of other houses of this description. Mr. Grindle of Orland keeps a house that a man can afford to travel ten miles to reach, after it is time to stop. Mr. Wilson of Columbia keeps another of the same kind. Let all the readers of the *Farmer* who have occasion to stop abroad make it a rule to patronize such houses if possible, and we should soon have more of them, and those old dilapidated places called taverns, which are mere places of resort for the idle, lazy, loafing crew, which infests nearly every village, and where decent men go only because they have no where else to go, would soon be among the forgotten things of the past.

GOOD BARLEY.

Mr. Editor:—I herewith send a sample of barley of the two rowed variety, raised by me the present season. A friend sent me two kernels with some wheat from Iowa which I sowed, and last fall I harvested ten bushels, which was the fourth crop. I let my brother in Manchester have three bushels and the remainder I sowed, the product of which I am now about harvesting. I would just say that it is clear from foul seed and other grain, and if any one wishes to procure some for seed I can furnish it. First come first served. N. C. BAILEY.

Winslow, 8th M., 12th 1859.

WHY SOWS DESTROY THEIR YOUNG.

I have always kept breeding sows, and in early life met with many vexatious losses from the sows destroying their pigs. Common sense told me that this must be caused by some treatment by which man thwarted the designs of nature, as in the natural state, animals may be left in safety to their instincts, of all of which the strongest is love for the young. This led me to study hogs closely during the latter period of pregnancy, and watch all their ways up to the time of pigging. I also noticed my neighbors' treatment of their breeding sows, and by comparing results, I learned what caused this danger, and how to guard against it.

Covetousness and its accompanying evils are the main cause of sows destroying their young—and proper food is the preventive and cure.

I have never known a sow to eat her pigs in autumn, when running at large with plenty of green food; but with hardly any exception, sows littering early in the spring are troubled with covetousness, which is frequently so severe as to be accompanied by inflamed eyes, great restlessness, and other signs of suffering. This restlessness sometimes increases till it amounts to frenzy. I have had them become so savage as to attack me fiercely, though at other times perfectly gentle. If not stopped, this frenzy may increase with the pains of labor, and the sow will then destroy her young, or any other living thing within her reach. Cure the covetousness, and this restlessness and irritation will be cured, and if she was a good natured sow she will become gentle and quiet again.

Green food is the cure.—As it is usually scarce at this season you ought to provide for the emergency by saving roots to feed to them. Formerly I used potatoes for this purpose, but the potato root commenced I have used sugar-beets, and always have some on hand to feed to my sows for several weeks before they come in. They are

very fond of them and eat them greedily raw. A half peck or more a day with but little other food will keep a sow in the finest condition. Potatoes are as good, and carrots, parsnips, mangel wurtzel, or turnips will do, but it may be necessary to boil them and mix them with other food. If you have no roots of any kind you must resort to sulphur, and give a large tablespoonful two or three times a week for several weeks before littering. Give also a little charcoal occasionally, and always be kind and gentle to them, and they will never attempt to kill their pigs.

A common mistake is to move the sow to another pen shortly before she litters. This is very irritating to her. She should be separated from the others and moved to her new quarters several weeks before her time is out. She must be kept sheltered, and a week before she litters supplied with all the straw she will want, which will be better for being short. After this her nest must not be molested, and she ought not to be disturbed in any way, as it is the nature of all animals to seek privacy at this period. Hogs are more true to their time than other animals, and rarely vary more than a day or two.

But if you want to be sure to lose your pigs, feed your sow on corn and cob meal. This will make her very covetive, fed without much other food. Then when she is sick and feverish, and consequently cross, irritate her yet more by driving her from the nest she has become accustomed to; then let the boys tease and abuse her every day, and if the poor maddened animal does not destroy her young as fast as they are born, it will not be your fault.—Homestead.

PIGS MORE PROFITABLE FOR FATTENING THAN HOGS.

Having tried an experiment with both kinds the past season, I am disposed to give the result, hoping that others may try a like experiment—upon a more even scale as to the season of the year—and report through your paper. In this way farmers may, through the medium of an agricultural paper, increase their annual income more than ten times the cost of such a paper.

In September, 1857, I bought 2 pigs at \$2 each, and kept them until December 14th, 1858, which was the time they were butchered. They had been fed about 60 bushels of corn—about one-half of it ground and scalded, and the other half of it having previously been fed in the ear. The feed, other than corn, was in both experiments offset against the manure made during the year. They weighed respectively, when butchered, 332 and 344 pounds.

On the 23rd of August, 1858, I bought two pigs, bred by the same sow, and at the same price. They were fed mostly upon sweet apples, with a few raw potatoes and a few nibbles of corn, until December 15th. I then commenced feeding them upon corn boiled until soft, and fed cold. This kind of feed was continued about two weeks, when it was changed to scalded meal, which feed was continued until February 8th, when they were butchered. Their respective weights, 237 and 244 pounds. They had been fed about 25 bushels of corn, in forms as above described. The cold hogs were about seven months old when killed. Valuing the corn at 80 cents a bushel, and the pork at 8 cents a pound, the account stands as follows:—old hogs, Dr. \$52, Cr. \$54.03; pigs, Dr. \$24, Cr. \$38.64. It will be seen that the pigs yield a profit of \$14.64, while that of the old hogs is only \$2.08, or say nothing of the extra time and trouble in taking care of the old ones.—Correspondent of *Country Gentleman*.

SUN STROKE.

The symptoms of sun stroke generally indicate a constitution previously impaired. Sometimes there is active congestion and apoplectic effusion within the cranium, and in such cases death generally ensues. But more often the signs are those of physical, and particularly cerebral prostration; the pulse is feeble, the cheeks, and in fact the whole surface of the body, is pale and ghastly. The blood is defective in quality, thus impeding the vital processes. The heart is evidently the organ at fault, having succumbed under fatigue and exhaustion, though the head gives the first intimation of danger. Convulsions sometimes come on, and in the intervals there are tremblings of the muscles and limbs, not greatly unlike those of delirium tremens. These are very common in diseases of debility, where the nervous system is largely involved, but generally do not require specific attention. Even during the progress of recovery, there is sometimes considerable mental aberration.

The premonitions of an attack are readily recognized. There is a feeling of pressure upon the head, the blood tingles in the vessels, the air seems too hot and tenuous for breathing, and it is often that a patient thus affected remains in a comatose state until death ensues. The remedies laid down in the books are alcoholic and ammoniacal stimulants; these being diffusive and causing an equal circulation of the blood throughout the body, and particularly to the surface. The patient is advised to swallow the medicine; but if he "outs" of his head," it can be given by enema. Wadly the head with cold water, and rubbing liniment upon the surface with the hands, keeping up the friction as long as may be necessary, will generally answer the purpose. When much dullness or stupor remains, coffee and strong tea are efficacious. The means of prevention are simple. Persons in sound health are seldom attacked; previous debility, general depression of the vital forces, unusual and excessive physical exertion, violent gusts of passion, excessive drinking of cold water, or of alcoholic beverages, superadded to exposure to the summer sun or a hot fire, create the danger. Careful moderation in these particulars will generally insure exemption. The Arab, wandering in an arid desert, subsisting on camel's milk and a few vegetables, usually enjoys immunity; his blood is not vitiated by stimulating food or unwholesome drinking. Sir John Banks spent twenty minutes in an oven, where beef was cooking, without harm. Fishermen, for the sake of protection, sometimes fill their hats with moist sea weed; though any large leaves, or even a wet cloth upon the head, will answer as well. This is an infallible preventive, and should be more generally observed by laboring men.—Exchange.

TROUT FISHING.

For the Maine Farmer. BOTTOM FISHING should be practiced in the spring and fall. The rod should be from 14 to 16 feet long, with a stiff top. The line should be of silk or grass, about 100 feet long, the bottom of which should be of strong silk-worm gut 3 feet in length. The weight of the sinker must of course depend on circumstances. If you are fishing in still water, a single shot (No. 4) will be sufficient; in quick water, three or more of the same kind will be needed. In casting the line, contrive to let the bait fall lightly; then draw it slowly across the water, or let it go down the stream with the current. When the fish bites, let him turn before you strike, and with the exercise of a little care and judgment he is your own.

For BUCK FISHING, the length of the rod should be about 12 feet. Affixed to the rod should be a reel containing about 8 yards of line, on the end of which a leader about 10 inches long, with sufficient lead to sink the bait slowly. In order to be successful in this kind of fishing, you must approach the brook in the most quiet manner possible, as the least noise or jar may frighten the fish. Manage to get behind a tree or any thing that will screen you, and never fish with the sun at your back, as your moving shadow will alarm the fish and your chances of success be thereby diminished. Some people will wander all day up and down a brook, shooting and tramping heavily on the ground, and when night comes will wonder why they have not taken a large "mess" as there seemed to be a plenty of fish darting from one place to another; while others, a short distance behind them, adopting a less objectionable mode of operating, secure an abundant harvest. We are acquainted with a gentleman, residing not a thousand miles from Augusta—(we hope none of your readers will turn *White*, for we don't intend to speak his name)—who probably kills more trout than any other three anglers who angle in this vicinity; and his success is mainly owing to the quiet and cautious manner in which he operates.

HOOKS. We use Limericks when we can get them.

BAITS. The following are some of the baits used for enmeshing the trout, and generally are preferred in the order in which we name them:—Trout or salmon spawn, white grub worms, angle worms, grasshoppers, minnows, beetles, flies, caterpillars, &c. Of all these, angle worms are most used in this part of the country. These worms may be secured by placing them in an earthen vessel together with a quantity of moss which has been washed and squeezed till nearly dry. Treated thus, they will become bright and active in a few days—"inducements" that will seldom be rejected if offered in a proper manner.

There are several kinds of Pastes used for bait, but as we consider them "small fry" we omit their names and the modes of preparing them. We have given merely an outline of some of the modes of taking trout adopted by good anglers, not thinking it advisable to go into details in a newspaper article; and lest we be accused of *hooking* from others' *baskets* without giving the proper credit, we will state that several of the suggestions contained in the communications we have furnished you were derived from various authors—but we do not consider them less valuable on that account.

Hoping, Mr. Editor, that your "lines may always be cast in lucky places," we remain, Yours, &c., SILVER SIDES.

A MILLION OF BUFFALO.

Horace Greeley, writing from the plains, makes the following estimate of the number of Buffalo:

"What strikes the stranger with the most amazement, is their immense numbers. I know a million is a great many, but I am confident we could not have stood on ten square miles of ground. Often, the country for miles on either hand seemed quite black with them. The soil is rich, and well matted with their favorite grass. Yet it is all (except a very little on the creek bottoms, near to timber) eaten down like an overtaxed sheep pasture in a dry August. Consider that we have traversed more than one hundred miles in width since we first struck them, and that for most of this distance the Buffalo have been constantly in sight, and that they continue for some twenty-five miles further on—this being the breadth of their present range, which has a length of perhaps a thousand miles, and you have some approach to an idea of their countless millions. I doubt whether the domesticated horned cattle of the United States equal the numbers, while they must fall considerably short in weight of these wild ones."

GREEN BEANS FOR WINTER.

The *Country Gentleman* says that beans prepared in this manner, will be found highly nutritious, and will be eaten with great gusto:

Pick good, tender string beans, cut them into pieces about three-quarters of an inch in length, throw them into boiling water, let them stand five minutes; then, having the oven heated just hot enough to avoid burning the beans, spread on tin or earthen dishes, set them into the oven, and let them remain there till perfectly dry; when they should be put up in small bags, and hung in a dry, cool place.

When you wish to cook a mess of corn and beans, put them to soak over night in warm water, and cook them as usual.

TO DESTROY RATS.

The *Griffin (Ga.) Empire State* says that a lady in that city, whose house became infested with these troublesome visitors, gives the simple remedy of dissolving copperas in water (make it strong) and sprinkle in the most prominent places; it will make them leave at a two-forty rate and no mistake. She tried it successfully, and has not been troubled with rats or mice since. It is simple, and will not cost much to try it.

We once saved the life of an infant which had been inadvertently drugged with laudanum, and was fast sinking into the sleep from which was no waking, by giving it strong coffee, cleared with the white of an egg, a teaspoonful every five minutes, until it ceased to seem drowsy.—Dr. W. W. Hall.

EDUCATION AMONG FARMERS.

Farmers and mechanics, this is a subject which comes home to you. Crafty politicians are continually calling you the *lone and sinner* of the land; and you may depend upon it you will never be anything else without education. There is a law of God in this matter. That class of men who make the most and best use of their heads will, in fact, be the most influential, will stand highest, whatever the speeches and theories may say. This is a "nature of things" which cannot be dodged nor got over. Whatever class bestow great pains on the cultivation of their minds will stand high. If farmers and mechanics feel themselves to be as good as other people, it may all be true; for *goodness* is one thing and *intelligence* is another. If they think that they have just as much mind as other classes, that may be true; but can you use it as well?

Lawyers, physicians, clergymen, and literary men make the discipline of their intellect a constant study. They read more, think more, write more, than the laboring classes. The difference between the educated and the uneducated portions of society is a real difference. Now a proud lazy fellow may rail and swear at this and have his labor for his pains; there is only one way to really get over it, and that is to rear up a generation of well educated, thinking and reading farmers and mechanics. Your skill and industry are felt; and they put you, in this respect, ahead of any other class. Just as soon as your heads are felt, as much as your hands are, that will bring you to the top.

Many of our best farmers are men of great natural shrewdness; but when they were young they had "no chance for learning." They feel the loss, and they are giving their children the best education they can. Farmers' sons constitute three-fifths of the educated class. But the thing is they are not educated as *farmers*. When they begin to study they leave the farm. They do not expect to return to it. The idea of sending a boy to the school, the academy and the college, and then let him go back to farming, is regarded as a pure waste of time and money. You see how it is even amongst yourselves. If a boy has an education, you expect him to be either a lawyer, a doctor, or a preacher. You tacitly admit that a farmer does not need such an education, and if you think so, you cannot blame others if they follow your example.

There is no reason why men of the very highest education should not go to the farm for a living. If a son of mine were brought up on purpose to be a farmer, if that was the calling which he preferred, I still would educate him if he had common sense to begin with. He would be as much better for it as a farmer, as he would as a lawyer. There is no reason why a thoroughly scientific education should not be given to every farmer and mechanic. A beginning must be made at the common school. Lay out to get a good teacher. Be

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In the morning appeared another pale-pink and very tender letter from Rose; luckily for me it was brought up to my room, instead of being laid on the breakfast-table. I grew desperate and forthwith packed my portmanteau, ordered the coach to be stopped at the end of the lane, rushed down the avenue to meet it, got inside with a vague fear of being seen and stopped if I ventured on the box, and did not feel safe till I arrived at home—for I had still a home, changed, saddened, humbled as it was, and a good, dear mother, and a kind-hearted, loving sister.

"Such fun, Gerald," said my sister Jane, the next morning, "your old friend Hester Dering is going to be married to cousin John."

"What! John Hartland! I never heard a word of it."

"Yes; but listen. They are all going to tour at the Rhine—the Hartlands and Derings—and have asked me to go with them, and you too. I was going to write this very day, only I was afraid you found it so pleasant at the general's that you would not come away; and mamma did not much like my going unless you could accompany us. But now you will go, won't you?"

I needed no much persuasion. The Rhine—I wished it had been the Nile or the Ganges, to have taken me further away from my embarrassments. Thus the cowardly weakness of my nature led me away into fresh troubles, rather than local present ones in the face.

What a lovely evening it was! how the tints of the sunset lingered on the heights, as we stood upon the "Rhenish strand!"

Hester Dering was an indefatigable sketcher and her *fiance*, Cousin John, very much preferred clambering to the highest point he could see, "to look for a view," to lingering by her side while she was drawing; so that, in our rambles, I was constantly left to escort her, my sister Jane and Cousin John taking little excursions here and there, and bringing us word of wonderful "prospects," whose picturesqueness they generally measured by their extent.

Hester had finished her sketch in the deepening twilight. "Now, Gerald," said she, as she picked up her pencils, "I shall be able to talk to you here very, very much interested in all you have been telling me; I hope you have not thought me indifferent because I went on drawing!"

"No," said I, offering my arm, which she took directly—"No. I like to talk to you while you are drawing, because you don't look at me."

"An odd reason," said she laughing. "Have you no better?"

"O, yes! Because we are such very old friends, Hester, and I don't feel the least afraid of you. You are not satirical, though you are so clever; and then you are engaged, you know."

"The best of all, you think; and no wonder modest Master Gerald, considering all the mischief you have done. But seriously, Gerald, what will you do, when we get home again, with these two engagements of yours? Which of the two—for I have tried in vain to discover—do you really love?—I don't say love best, as one would ask a child if it loves its nurse or its sugar-plum, for there cannot be the least comparison in a true love."

"Well," said I, "you may laugh at me as you will, but I solemnly declare I don't know."

"Then I fear you love neither one nor the other. Rose May was decidedly your first love."

"Oh, as for that, I was desperately in love a ten years old, for a whole holiday, with a certain fairy queen of seven, as perhaps you may remember, Miss Hester."

"Meaning me, I suppose! Yes, those were happy days, Gerald! Do you remember that tool-house in the garden, which we made believe was an enchanted palace, and the gardener's dog was the dragon to guard me, when I was the enchanted princess, and you the knight-errant?"

"Oh, yes, yes," said I with a sort of bitterness. "You see that Rose May was decidedly not my first love."

"Gerald, you puzzle me," said she, shaking her head. "Tell me sincerely—do you, or do you not, wish to marry either of these girls?"

Hester Dering had a way of looking up suddenly into one's face—

Few her looks, but every one
Like unexpected light surprises.

Her eyes were more soft than bright, and more dreaming than penetrating. As to their color, I never knew what it was—I never thought about it; but those rare looks of hers were like no other looks. They played into one's soul; and when she fixed that intent gaze upon you, I defy any one to tell her a falsehood.

I felt myself color as she looked at me; my eyes sunk under hers; then a sudden thought like an electric shock, thrilled through me. "Hester, why do you want to know? Tell me, sincerely, how does it interest you?"

It was her turn to blush crimson, and to look

round, sideways, anyways, to avoid my eager gaze. She did not immediately answer, and her lips seemed forming inarticulate words, none of which were what she meant to utter. At last, with a little pettish gesture, quite unlike her usual quiet manner, she said: "Gerald, you are unkind and unpleasant. You have talked to me for all these pleasant weeks with the openness of an old friend and now you speak as if my interest in you were mere curiosity, or impertinent interference."

I scarcely knew which astonished me the most—the unjust accusation, or the agitated manner in which it was made. I knew not how to reply, especially as she took her arm from mine, and walked on quickly. I followed and exclaimed: "Hester, dear Hester, what on earth have I done to offend you this way? Ask me what you will, and I tell you. I have no idea of anything but gratitude for your kindness in advising me. No one knows me so well as you, and I am led to tell you things, and talk to you as I can to no one else in this wide world."

She had slackened her pace, and I walked on by her side.

"Why, then," said she softly, "did you ask me why I and how I was interested in asking you the question that I did?"

"Forgive me, if I for an instant, one single instant, mistook you. For my absurd presumption—be still my sister and my friend."

"You have a sister," she replied, slightly smiling: "and you are, I think, more than provided with young lady friends; and I"—

"Yes, yes; you Hester, are engaged, and it is only the more kind of you to have time to think of me at all."

She smiled sadly, and again gave me one of her sudden inquiring looks; but when I offered my arm, she did not take it, and we spoke no more, but continued silently walking side by side. At a turn of the path, a sudden burst of laughter assailed us from Jane and Cousin John.

"What exceedingly agreeable company you two must be!" said he. "We just watched you, for fun, behind this bush, and I'll be hanged if you have spoken a word these ten minutes."

I felt a little angry and Hester, who had quite regained her former composure of manner, said: "Your surveillance was well timed, and you were fortunate to escape the proverbial fate of listeners."

"How severe you are, Hester," said he. "Of course, I was only in joke!" He offered her his arm, but she did not take it, while Jane and I followed at a little distance.

"Poor Cousin John!" said Jane, in a sort of a half-soliloquy. "I hardly think they quite suit each other."

"Why not, Jane?" said I.

"Oh, I don't know!" Hester is so clever."

"And John Hartland is not."

"Well," she replied, "I don't think *that*, but just in the same way. He is almost afraid she is not good tempered."

"Did he tell you so?"

"Not to complain of her, for he believes she is devotedly attached to him, and would not for the world begeth her unhappy; but she certainly is very odd. Now, John Hartland must be the creature in the world not to be annoyed at her always talking to you. Don't you wonder he is not jealous?"

"I never thought about it. He knows what old friends Hester and I are."

"Yes; but still he said that some people would not like it, and that if he had not had me to walk about with while Hester sits drawing, it would have been another thing."

While my sister ran on thus, I was pondering deeply. I had often vaguely thought so, but it now came over me with a deep conviction, that Hester Doring and John Hartland were as opposite as the poles. Could they love each other? Would they marry, after all? Then with a long, aching curiosity, I asked myself, Does Hester love him? I longed to be again alone with her, and wondered I had never observed all this before. I was entirely absorbed in watching her. Did she, then, neglect me? Had all her interest in her early friend ceased? I thought so, for she grew more and more reserved and distant, and now evidently avoided being alone with me. As for John Hartland, I could see no great change in him, except that he looked piqued and annoyed sometimes after an interview with Hester, at which I felt a quite inhuman gratification. My sister Jane was equally sought by the two, and almost always made a third in their walks. Was the change, then, only in me? Nothing made time appear so long as traveling; the succession of new images and impressions makes us live months in every hour.

It was scarcely a week after the conversation I have recorded, and yet I looked back upon the time of Hester's confidential manner as to some long bygone days. I had taken to sketching now, but she had left it off. It was an excuse to me to go long, lonely walks and excursions; on one of these I had left the party entirely, and was to rejoin them in a few days. During this solitary journey, communing with my own heart, it made me some strange recollections. Hester's question haunted me forever: Did I or did I not wish to marry either Rose or Justin? and my heart answered loudly, and without hesitation: No, no! The image that filled my every thought and feeling was that of Hester. Why had I not tried to solve that question which always haunted me? Did she love John Hartland? If not—

Unable to bear this uncertainty longer, I returned to join the party a day before I had intended. They were at Boppart. My habitual shyness prevailed, and I would not go at once to them there, but remained in the neighborhood, and then, with my camp-stool and sketching materials, I wandered on to a spot where I had last watched the artistic pencil of Hester Doring. I scarcely knew my vivid fancy deceived me, but there, in the identical spot, at Hester. She was alone; and still I approached her quiet, near, she did not seem me. I had no reason to suppose her; and she was too courageous and self-possessed in general for the plea of weak nerves; but when she had started up with a glow of pleasure in her face to greet me, she suddenly grew pale and trembled so violently, she was obliged to sit down again.

I threw myself on the grass by her, and held her hand. All my variously rehearsed speeches of which I should probe her secret, all my own confessions fled. I could say nothing but—

"Hester, I could not stay away any longer. You don't want me; perhaps you never will want me; but you must let me see you sometime, where you are married; even you must let me see you though you will not talk to me as we used. I cannot live without that!"

All my fine speeches and searching questions without committing myself, came to this.

I held her hand to my face, and covered my eyes with it; I did not venture to look at her, as she sat raised just above me on a turfy bank. The hand trembled in mine, but she did not draw it away, though I waited in vain till she should speak.

"It was to me, Hester," said I. "Tell me only that you will forgive this weakness; that you will be to me as you were, and counsel me, and let me talk to you as you did long ago; and yet not so very long ago neither, if you can be true to me. I have been so miserable since you have changed your manner to me, I cannot

ever again to forget that you are engaged—that you are another's."

"Gerald," she said—"Gerald, look at me; look up."

I quite started at the sound of her voice, it was so very sweet and gentle. I met her eyes bending down upon me, softly and timidly, not as she had ever looked before; and she smiled as I had never seen her smile.

"It has indeed seemed long since you went away—two days ago," she said; "and so much has happened that it might have been two years. Gerald, I am free; it is all broken off, and ought never to have been! I am free now to talk to you as before, and help you to find out which of the two!"

I started to my feet, bewildered with the unmeasurable joy of this most unlooked-for change. She had risen too, and her hand was still clasped in mine.

"Free, free?" I gasped out. "Then, Hester, you are mine, and mine only!"

I clasped her in my arms, and held her like a recovered treasure, never to be parted with more. I did not want her to speak then; I was satisfied to feel her head resting on my shoulder, and her heart beating against my own; but she broke from me as with an effort, and said:—

"Ah, Gerald, how can I believe you after all you have told me of others?"

But she did believe me, notwithstanding.

My sister Jane, coming out in search of Hester, was the first to interrupt us. She was by no means astonished to see me back, and did not look much disturbed by the events that had occurred in my absence. John Hartland had left the party, and returned to England. His father and aunt, who evidently suspected something had gone wrong, though it was not yet disclosed, looked anything but pleased to see me again, nor in my recent, much better by Mr. and Mrs. Dering.

In short, for a shy man to feel himself so entirely *de trop*, was cruelly embarrassing. Nothing I did was right; and all the little *contre-temps* inseparable from traveling, were ascribed to my bad management, with sundry hints that John Hartland would have contrived things better. The sunshine of Hester's presence, however, supported me, and I did not feel all my impending ills till we arrived at Folkestone, and the party necessarily separated.

Briefly let me pass over the events of the next few weeks. I found the general establishing in his house in Upper Harley Street. My interview with him was not so stormy as I had anticipated; even when I told him of my determination not to marry his ward, he said I need not trouble myself—that I did not deserve her. He concluded I meant to marry old May's daughter, and in that case, he should cut me off with a shilling and not even send me to India. I said I had not the least intention of it. So much the better, he replied, for he now had it in his power to give me a capital appointment in India, but not as a married man. I took the plunge at once, and told him of an engagement to Hester Dering. This was too much for his patience, and I must confess that, under the circumstances it was no wonder. I will repeat all the abuse he lavished on my adored Hester and myself, for a couple of jilts, the one as bad as the other. He said nothing should induce him to countenance such villainy and such treachery to my own cousin, John Hartland. I left the house under his severe displeasure.

My mother to whom I confided my distress, could give me no consolation. My uncle, since my father's death and pecuniary misfortunes, was the arbiter of the destinies. Hester's parents would not hear of our marriage, and Hester expiated at her giving up John Hartland, whose fortune was considerable. I was taunted on all sides with my three proposals, and not allowed even to see Hester. I wrote to her privately through the medium of my sister Jane; but in reply to some desperately wild schemes of mine, tending to Gretta Green, living in deserts, warning for our bread, etc., she wrote to me a letter which I thought selfishly cold and unreasonable. In it, she advised me to do the only thing left for me, which, was, to conciliate my uncle by accepting his assistance in the only way he would give it, and treat to him with constancy for the rest of my life, much hurt by this, as I considered cold-hearted advice to leave her, and to go to India, that I would not answer the letter. I took the advice it contained, however, and accepted the appointment, everything being so speedily arranged that I escaped all leave takings, except of my mother, sister, and uncle. My heart seemed paralyzed, and I scarcely felt even curiosity as to the effect of my departure on those who had lately so deeply interested me. I felt as if a part of my life was over—that it was the past, and I did not wish ghost or shadow of it to mingle with my future. And thus I began my career in India.

CHAPTER III.

Fifteen years of my life in India were over another "past" had closed behind me. The incidents of this time were so distinct, and so totally unconnected with the previous years, that I would not be difficult to believe that they scarcely belonged to the same individual. Soon, very soon after my leaving England, the death of my mother took away almost the only link that bound me in intimate associations with home. My sister Jane had been married long before this event to John Hartland. Between him and myself there had never been much cordiality, but I was glad that my sister was suitably married and provided for. She wrote to me but seldom, and seemed as resolved not to tell me any news of people who had once so much interested me, as I was not to ask for it. My poor mother had been my correspondent, and I felt her letters were her occupation—that she was with me when she wrote, and her presence seemed with me as read her letters. But with my sister it was different; hers were shorter letters, and apologies for want of time, and its being "only half an hour to the post," and the baby teething,—"all dear John waiting for her to go out,"—"all, in short, that so forcibly tells the absent he is the last of all to be attended to, that "time" is to be had for everything but to write to him. This disgusted me at last, and the home-communications were "few and far between" enough.

It has been necessary to say thus much in order to explain that after fifteen years, bronzed by tropical sun, and with iron-gray hair, I turned my thoughts homewards, with scarcely the certainty of one friendly face to greet me, or one hand to clasp mine. The desolateness of this coming home dismayed me; my thoughts turned vividly to the past, and I forgot the flight of years. The general—I omitted to mention it—was still living, but almost childlike. It was understood that he would leave all he had to the Hartlands, who lived near him. To this I was tolerably indifferent by a singular event, a history in itself. He had become possessor of considerable wealth, he was questioned to me by a native of high caste, to whom I had been intended to render some services. Then it was that I felt that longing desire for home in the abstract, which in the reality was so dreary to me; and then it was that the singular fact of my triple engagement came back upon me, and I took a narrowboat. Reader with me, I wrote a letter to each of my hazardous resolutions, which I had been betrothed to three women to whom I had been betrothed. Reader with me, I did this seriously and candidly. I knew not who had become of either of these women, who were

to turn engrossed my youthful fancy. Strangely enough, not on trace had I of their destiny; but, giving my simple, blushing May-rose the prior claim, I wrote to each, offering my hand, if they chose, it is, either of them, choose to accept it!

It was some puzzle to me how to get the letters conveyed to them; but a lawyer friend who was sailing for England, and to whom I confided the delicate mission, furnished with what slight clues I could give him, undertook to find out "the parties," and to communicate to me the result.

This was something for me to look forward to; I had put my destiny out of my own power, and that strong life of the affections, in which alone I could live, hung rather to those old associations than to any new ties. I had acquired the habit, too, of waiting, I will not say patiently, but of looking forward, as those only can do, who live in colonies, and with whom every transaction depends on a distant post; the answer to the simplest question or the commonest decision being a matter of months of waiting. This habit of looking forward to a distant day is only learned in banishment, and perhaps it makes the time pass more quickly. At last a letter arrived from William: I eagerly tore it open, and found two enclosures, sealed, and addressed to me. There was one in a hand I recognized instantly, even though its character was changed: it was that of the May-rose; but a much freer, more careless hand than formerly, with inordinately long lials to the y's and g's. I gazed long on the superscription, remembering all the neatly written notes, on pink paper, that had once so gladdened my eyes; then I looked at the real, and tried to guess the contents. The seal had a widow's lozenge on it. Next, with a strange perversity to prolong suspense, I examined the other letter. It was not the writing of Hester Dering that I saw at a glance; it was that of Justina. I held one in either hand, as if weighing them in a balance, and wondered, as I had wondered fifteen years ago, which of the two would decide my fate, hesitating which I should open first. The first love prevailed and I tore open the seal of Rose's letter. It was as follows:—

"Who would have thought it! So you are really and truly in the land of the living, and not entirely used up in that horrid hot country (I glanced at the signature, it was 'Rose')—or should have thought it more likely to be Justina! Pray, come back again," it went on. "Jo's little enchantment, ravie, delighted, charmed to hear you are likely to be in town this season, which will not be quite over, if you make haste, if I did not go out all last year, because I was in weeds, and was in such very bad spirits, of course, after my bereavement. Ah, my dear friend, great has been my affliction, and so very kind of him to leave me so well off. But that will not influence you, I am sure, as you did not know it, and shall not make any difference to me, though I cannot afford to marry upon nothing, as I have my position to keep up, and all that, and not much like a mere Mr., after being Lady Coddleton though only a night. But I remember you very well, and never can forget—and you promised to be good-looking, though such a boy then; and was very unhappy, and you don't deserve I should forgive you. I am sorry for one thing in your letter, which is, that I must send a positive answer, for who knows what you have turned out. As to myself, I am very much admired, and always taken for twenty-five; so I should not like you to mention to anybody, whether it is of use or how long ago it was since we met. So, my dear friend, if it must be positive, my answer is—

— Oh dear! I can't quite commit myself to saying yes. So, pray excuse me; and with kindest regards, believe me, yours, affectionately,

ROSE.

"P.S.—I forgot to mention that I have or sweet little angel-pledge of married life. She is a wild bird, and very tall of her age."

"Good heavens, how altered!" I exclaimed, throwing down the letter. "Is this the simple artless May-rose! Surely more than fifteen years of worldliness and folly must have passed over that heart. She is free indeed, but what a blessing it has not accepted me!"

Before I read the answer from Justina, I turned to William's letter. Vain had been all his inquiries after Miss Dering—all that he knew was that she had gone with her father and mother, to live in that very vague locality—"abroad." Some one had told him that she was dead—another, that she was married, and it was her mother who was dead—then he heard it was her father who was dead—and last, and with more probability, that her mother was dead, and her father he married again; but of herself, personally, he could learn nothing.

Let Justina's letter speak for itself:—

"MY DEAR SIR:—In alluding to the days of so fondly and which you designate as 'happy youth,' I see too great a probability that you are still unconvinced of the great fact of man's utter misery. I am surprised at your thinking of so important an affair as marriage without an inquiry into the state of my soul, and it shows me the lamentable condition of worldliness you are in. I am happy to say that till last February twelvemonth I was allowed to multiply my transgressions by living to the world, so that, up to the moment of my conversion, I was misled by no false moral motive. A single sentence from that truly pious minister of the Gospel, Samuel Smalley, showed me the evil of my ways. If you can spare me, my satisfaction, account of yourself, which I shall be glad to give your letter, will not be the case. I shall be glad to confer with you on the subject you mention when you return. I am still unmarried, but devote all my time and means to the enlightenment of such unhappy friends who are still groining in darkness, in which I am aided by the delightful mind of Mr. Smalley. A most interesting case has just fallen under our view—wonderful, beautiful, and rich widow whose conversion, under Providence, we hope to effect, and which will be a bright jewel in the mantle crown of pious Mr. Smalley and my humble self. The name of this daughter of Philistia is Lady Coddleton, a neighbor of mine in Hampshire. As that unhappy darkened individual, the general of my late guardian, nothing will induce him to listen to any exhortations to improve his frame of mind, and the Rev. Mr. Smalley has submitted more indignities from him than I can mention without pain. As you ask for a positive answer to your proposal of marriage, I will tell you candidly that I accept it, and shall receive you (H. V.) when you arrive as my affianced husband. I beg to remain sincerely yours,

JUSTINA WARNER.

I read this epistle through once, and I confess the effect it had on me was to provoke the heartiest fit of laughter I had known for many a day. I read it again, and was rather sobered by the announcement at the end; this was the only part of it that was characteristic—the only part that could realize as being written by the lively, high-spirited Brunette. I remembered well the scene at the ball, when she had taken my compliment *au pied de la lettre*, and almost insisted on my "telling the general" on the spot. The same kind of nervous sensation came over me, and again wished I had not "committed myself."

Then I read the letter a third time, and failed to read its contents. I could not imagine or realize that it had been written by Justina—the Jo of other days. I dwelt upon this long, that from a sort of vague curiosity grew up a positive *repugnance* on the subject. I grew up

see Justina again. I wondered if she had grown old-fashioned-looking and dowdy, and wore bonnets to match her letter—if she talked like it, and had left off slang. But the interest was of some use; it was a point to look to, in the uncertain, misty horizon of "going home." I thought even complacently of her change of ideas; with a little softening down, how delightful a woman might Justina be! Certainly a dash of seriousness was just what she wanted; and if she had now a little too much, it was a fault on the right side. I felt obliged to Mr. Smalley, or whoever had been the cause of it; and visions passed through my mind of some tokens of respect, in the shape of a present—should it be an inland writing-desk, or a shawl for his good old wife, or a set of splendid chessmen?

These thoughts engaged me during my preparations for a prompt departure, and on the overland journey home. As I got nearer England, the old memories and associations revived more strongly. I told myself again and again that fifteen years had passed, and everything was changed; but all that intervening time with me had been spent among other thoughts and feelings; nothing in my own life had acted upon the previous impressions; it was completely separated from them, and I felt as if the other two parts should fit in each other, just leaving out the intermediate fifteen years of my Indian life, as though they had been only a dream. I had not a single intimate friend in England, and I had related how entirely I was to myself correspondents. My first visit was to my sister, Mrs. Hartland, to whom I had written on arriving. They all seemed very glad to see me, and I soon made myself at home. I asked many questions about old friends, and especially about Hester Dering. All that Jane knew was that her mother was dead, and her father had married again. The step-mother was an atrocious woman. Hester had borne with her long, and yet had refused many good offers of marriage. At last she went to live with her aunt, and my sister had for many years lost sight of her.

I felt a delicacy in mentioning Hester to Hartland. Nothing should have induced me to name her; but when we were left alone after dinner, he suddenly exclaimed, with all the simplicity of a child; "By the by, Gerald, what confounded mistake of yours was that about Hester Dering? Why didn't you marry, her after all? She was a deuced nice girl, at that time, I remember."

After this, I did not scruple to try and get some information from him on the subject, but he knew nothing in addition to what his wife had told me, except that her father had been a terrible "smash" in his affairs, and had died suddenly. Neither John Hartland nor my sister had any acquaintance with Lady Coddleton, beyond knowing she had taken a house in the neighborhood for the summer months. I found they were not even aware of her identity with the *Rose May* of my early days, and I did not enlighten them. So Justina, they told me much; and I soon discovered the information was tinged with the general. They both disliked her in their different ways—Jane, because she had a vague idea that she stood in the way of the preference of herself and children; and John Hartland, because she had once caricatured him in the hunting-field.

I therefore took all they said with the allowance of a heavy discount for the general's dispare purpose; and in my own case, I observed that as soon as they had ascertained I was more than independent (how much more, I did not divulge) and had no designs on the inheritance, they grew quite fond of me, and were delighted to see me back. A rich bachelor-uncle from India is an acquisition not to be despised in a family of growing-up daughters.

Justina Warner had taken for her abode an estate of about two hundred acres, called White thorns, adjoining that of the general. She had at first had a model farm, and kept the land in her own hands, trying every variety of invention in patent implements, and infallible plans for improving the soil; but there was no patent to make the crops come up and the corn ripen three weeks after it was sown; and she got tired of staying so long in the country. She built a school, and for two whole months, persevered in attending to herself, and actually cut out with her own hands the pattern of the Red-riding-hood cap, in which the girls were to be picturesquely attired. The her engagements interferred, and it grew to be Sunday, and not a week-day school. Then that season came on, and she must go to town, so she a school-mistress was hired to supply her place; and perhaps the little scholars did not lose very much by the exchange, although they were allowed to say *cold and shooit*, *t-o, toe and p-up*, making it rhyme to bat; and though the missing 'f's were not always called for.

Fortunately, before her property had become seriously impaired by experimental farming, and the loss of the stock; and heartily tired of paying the squires, Justina went to Paris, Rome, Naples, and Vienna, never missing London seasons, and all their dissipations. After an absence of some years, she had returned to White thorns, but it was not there that she had received and answered my proposal from India; she had received it during a visit to Cheltenham, which had become a favorite place of resort to her sister, she had, as she said, "given up the world."

Although I had been very impatient and curious to see my affianced bride, yet strange as it may seem I continued at my sister's, within a few miles of White thorns, for several weeks before she could make up my mind to present myself. I felt that it was inevitable, but I also felt it very much as if I had to pull the string of a shower-bath, or touch the electrical machine.

My long residence in India had greatly increased my indolent predilection for "a quiet life; and it seemed to me that in returning to the associations of my boyish days, I returned to my uncomfortable sensations of boyish shyness.

It was rather a relief to me, therefore, to find some indispensable business called me to London, from whence I meant to go at once to the general's; and when there, of course, pay my devoirs to Justina. I was escorted to the railway station by a whole berry of nieces and nephews, and had multitudes of commissions to execute for them all—from riding-hats and feathers of the latest wide-awake fashion for the elder girls, to the largest Noah's Ark that ever was made for little Toddy, and a rocking-horse with a real skin for Jen.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

WHAT YOU DO, DO WELL.

This is a lesson which cannot be too earnestly impressed upon the young. Even the oldest may profit by heeding it. No person of experience but knows the ill policy of poorly done work, and how the world is filled with botching. It is labor going to its tasks slip-shod, caring not for permanent accomplishment, but only to provide for the moment's emergency. Half the world's work has to be mended almost as soon as done, the hails doing and mending—producing at best only wretched, slovenly results—costing more money, with greater care and patience, have done everything well. Every man, however poor he may be, should, so that he can appreciate what is well done, so that well-doing commands the best market for labor, and the greatest profit equally to the serving and the served. If labor is worth doing at all, it is worth well doing. Plant well, cultivate well, build well,

[illegible]